

# With the First Nighters

## "THE MAN ON THE BOX."

Mr. Max Figman will be the attraction at the Salt Lake Theatre for three nights and matinees commencing Monday night, in "The Man on the Box," a comedy dramatized by Grace Livingston Furniss from Harold MacGrath's book of the same name.

Mr. Figman will be supported by a company including Miss Fannie Marinoff, Miss Bertha Frieleghoff, Miss Madeleine Dalles, Miss Bereniece Back and Messrs. Cameron Clemens, Douglas A. Flint, John Charles Brownell, Frank H. Rainger, George Center, Ernst P. Orr, Herbert E. Denton, Marshall Franklin, Edward Johnson and John Pearson.

Although Mr. Figman has been identified with the important stars and plays of the New York City stage for ten years or more, this is his first important starring venture and it has been attended with phenomenal success from the start. Max Figman has played almost every kind of character in musical and serious drama, but is happiest in such comedy characters as the hero of the "Man on the Box." When last seen here he was prominently identified with Florence Roberts, and prior to that he was one of the most distinguished members of Mrs. Fisk's memorable company. Now that Mr. Figman has joined the ranks of the stars it is said he is there to stay. He is under the management of Mr. John Cort, who holds the destinies of the theatrical northwest in his palm. Mr. Cort has contracted to give Mr. Figman a new play every year.

## ORPHEUM.

If there's a headliner at the Orpheum this week, George MacFarlane is responsible for it. His voice is so good that it even redeems his comedy work with which the act is opened, and it takes a pretty fine voice to do that.

He is assisted by Viola Pratt Gillette, one of Salt Lake's largest contributions to the operatic stage. Her voice has lost none of its charm, and she sings two or three little things delightfully, but her versatility is limited—however her rights are not.

Viola is a big girl now, and just why she should make her audiences gasp while they are enjoying the good music is something of a problem.

Truly, times are hard when it would take so little to add a couple of flounces and a perked border to the eton jacket in which she dashes forth—and almost from—during the last hazardous moments of her sketch.

The other events that transpire at the vaudeville house are in some respects fair, but not entirely in accord with the advance of vaudeville.

The two Lorettes for instance in their eccentric acrobatic work are about as funny as Ibsen's "Ghosts," though one or two of their tricks when they remain silent are worth seeing.

Ray Royce gives some impersonations that are almost human and there is enough cleverness in his act to keep the encores moving.

Kathleen DeVole is neither a good dancer nor monologist and Burton and Brookes connected with the proper idea when they named their sketch "The Limit." It is nice to know that they are frank at least.

They make the thirteenth team to ask about the Union depot in a flash of wit almost blinding in its brilliancy.

Flo Adler and her boy got the same enthusiastic welcome as they did upon their first appearance here, and their act is very well put on.

The big card at the Orpheum next week is Anna Eva Fay. She comes at an opportune time

for the men with leap-year staring them out of countenance. She is one of the greatest forewarners of the age, so think what you're going to ask her.

Howard and North are fine in "Those Were Happy Days," and there are four other acts to investigate.

## GRAND THEATRE.

Stetson's original big double "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the attraction booked at the Grand for next week, and that this popular well known play will be liberally patronized is an assured fact. The company is the largest on the road in this

## FRANK DANIELS.

"The Tattooed Man" was almost as disappointing as those we see in the summer months when the purveyors of red lemonade and the family physician unite in their experiments with the tummies of Willie and Lily.

It was probably another case of expecting too much, but while it is easy to forgive Daniels for getting a little older, and doing and saying most of the things he did and said in "Little Puck," "The Idol's Eye," "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Office Boy," there is no excuse for surrounding himself with a third rate road company with



MAX FIGMAN in "THE MAN ON THE BOX"

play, which is claimed to be exceptionally well staged. The company is carrying two full bands and an orchestra, two Topsy's, two Marks, six Shetland ponies, Col. Sawyer's pack of Siberian bloodhounds, a male quartette, female quartette, and a large chorus of singers and dancers. The scenic and electrical effects of this production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" are a feature of the show. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be at the Grand all next week with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

The spectacular offering, "The Land of Nod," will be seen this afternoon and evening at the Salt Lake theatre. The engagement closes with tonight's performance.

a vapid chorus bored and boring, and a bunch of principals whose hold on distinction is a long way from a safety clutch.

It is the more surprising, because Daniels has always had such a splendid company, and one of the best choruses on the stage.

There were lots of good things in "The Tattooed Man." The funny face and clever lines that occasionally came from Daniels always had a laugh in them, and his specialty, "Rain-In-The-Face," was lovely.

In that he was the real Daniels, but in other things he showed signs of age, and he seems closer to the theatrical rosewood than most men at his time of life. Another year or two and he'll be ready for vaudeville, and after that—well he